

So as a painted Tyrant *Pyrrhus* stood,
And like a Newtrall to his will and matter, did nothing.
But as we often see against some Storme,
A silence in the Heavens, the Racket stand still,
The bold windes speechlesse, and the Orbe below
As hush as death: Anon the dreadfull Thunder
Doth rend the Region. So after *Pyrrhus* pause,
A ro wised Vengeance sets him new a worke,
And neuer did the Cyclops hammers fall
On Mars his Armour, forg'd for prooffe Eterne,
With lesse remorse then *Pyrrhus* bleeding sword
Now talles on *Priam*.

Out, out, thou Strumpet-Fortune, all you Gods,
In generall Synod take away her power:
Breake all the Spokes and Fallies from her wheele,
And boule the round Naue downe the hill of Heauen,
As low as to the Fiends.

Pol. This is too long.

Ham. It shall to'th Barbars, with your beard. Pry-
thee say on: He's for a Tigge, or a tale of Baudry, or hce
sleepes. Say on; come to *Hecuba*.

1. Play. But who, O who, had seen the inobled Queen,
Ham. The inobled Queene?

Pol. That's good: Inobled Queene is good.

1. Play. Run bare-foot vp and downe,
Threatning the flame
With Bison Rheume: A clout about that head,
Where late the Diadem stood, and for a Robe
About her lanke and all ore-teamed Loines,
A blanket in th' Alarm of feare caught vp.
Who this had seene, with tongue in Venome sleep'd,
'Gainst Fortunes State, would Treason haue pronounc'd?
But if the Gods themselves did see her then,
When she saw *Pyrrhus* make malicious sport
In mincing with his Sword her Husbands limbes,
The instant Burst of Clamour that she made
(Valeffe things mortall moue them not at all)
Would haue made milche the Burning eyes of Heauen,
And passion in the Gods.

Pol. Looke where he ha's not turn'd his colour, and
ha's teares in's eyes. Pray you no more.

Ham. 'Tis well, Ile haue thee speake out the rest,
soone. Good my Lord, will you see the Players wel be-
row'd, Doe ye heare, let them be well vs'd: for they are
the Abstracts and breefe Chronicles of the time. After
your death, you were better haue a bad Epitaph, then
their ill report while you liued.

Pol. My Lord, I will vse them according to their de-
sart.

Ham. Gods bodykins man, better. Vse euery man
after his desert, and who should scape whipping: vse
them after your own Honor and Dignity. The lesse they
deserue, the more merit is in your bountie. Take them
in.

Pol. Come firs.

Exit Polon.

Ham. Follow him Friends: wee'l heare a play to mor-
row. Dost thou heare me old Friend, can you play the
murder of *Gonzago*?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Wee'l ha't to morrow night. You could for a
need study a speech of some dosen or sixteene lines, which
I would set downe, and insert in't? Could ye not?

Play. I my Lord.

Ham. Very well. Follow that Lord, and looke you
mock him not. My good Friends, Ile leaue you til night
you are welcome to *Elsonower*?

Rosin. Good my Lord.

Manet Hamlet.

Ham. I so, God buy'ye: Now I am alone.
Oh what a Rogue and Pefant flauie am I?
Is it not monstrous that this Player heere,
But in a Fixion, in a dreame of Passion,
Could force his soule so to his whole conceit,
That from her working, all his visage warm'd;
Teares in his eyes, distraction in's Aspect,
A broken voyce, and his whole Function suiting
With Formes, to his Conceit? And all for nothing?
For *Hecuba*?

What's *Hecuba* to him, or he to *Hecuba*,
That he should weepe for her? What would he doe,
Had he the Motiue and the Cue for passion
That I haue? He would drowne the Stage with teares,
And cleaue the generall eare with horrid speech:
Make mad the guilty, and apale the free,
Confound the ignorant, and amaze indeed,
The very faculty of Eyes and Eares. Yet I,
A dull and muddy-metled Rascall, speake
Like Iohn a-dreames, vnpregnant of my cause,
And can say nothing: No, not for a King,
Vpon whose property, and most deere life,
A damnd defeat was made. Am I a Coward?
Who calles me Villaine? breaks my pate a-crosse?
Pluckes off my Beard, and blowes it in my face?
Tweakes me by'th' Nose? giues me the Lye i'th' Throate,
As deepe as to the Lungs? Who does me this?
Ha? Why I should take it: for it cannot be,
But I am Pigeon-Liuer'd, and lacke Gall
To make Oppression bitter, or ere this,
I should haue fatted all the Region Kites
With this Slaues Offall, bloody: a Bawdy villaine,
Remorselesse, Treacherous, Letcherous, Kindles villaine!
Oh Vengeance!

Who? What an Assc am I? I sure, this is most braue,
That I, the Sonne of the Deere murdered,
Prompted to my Reuenge by Heauen, and Hell,
Must (like a Whore) vnpacke my heart with words,
And fall a Cursing like a very Drab,
A Scullion? Fye vpon't: Foh. About my Braine.
I haue heard, that guilty Creatures sitting at a Play,
Haue by the very cunning of the Scene,
Bene strooke so to the soule, that presently
They haue proclaim'd their Malefactions.
For Murder, though it haue no tongue, will speake
With most myraculous Organ. Ile haue these Players,
Play something like the murder of my Father,
Before mine Vnkle. Ile obserue his lookes,
Ile rent him to the quicke: If he but blench
I know my course. The Spirit that I haue seene
May be the Diuell, and the Diuel hath power
T'assume a pleasing shape, yea and perhaps
Out of my Weaknesse, and my Melancholly,
Abuses me to damne me. Ile haue grounds
More Relatiue then this: The Play's the thing,
Wherein Ile catch the Conscience of the King. *Exit*

*Enter King, Queene, Polonius, Ophelia, Ro-
sincerance, Guildenstern, and Lords.*

King. And can you by no drift of circumstance
Get from him why he puts on this Confusion:
Grating so harshly all his dayes of quiet

With

With turbulent and dangerous Lunacy.

Rosin. He does confesse he feels himselfe distracted,
But from what cause he will by no meanes speake.

Guild. Nor do we finde him forward to be founde,
But with a crafty Madnesse keepes aloofe:
When we would bring him on to some Confession
Of his true state.

Q. Did he receiue you well?

Rosin. Most like a Gentleman.

Guild. But with much forcing of his disposition.

Rosin. Niggard of question, but of our demands
Most free in his reply.

Q. Did you assay him to any pastime?

Rosin. Madam, it so fell out, that certaine Players
We ore-wrought on the way: of these we told him,
And there did seeme in him a kinde of ioy
To heare of it: They are about the Court,
And (as I thinke) they haue already order
This night to play before him.

Pol. 'Tis most true:

And he beseech'd me to intreate your Maiesties
To heare, and see the matter.

King. With all my heart, and it doth much content me
To heare him so inclin'd. Good Gentlemen,
Giue him a further edge, and driue his purpose on
To these delights.

Rosin. We shall my Lord. *Exeunt.*

King. Sweet *Gerrude* leaue vs too,
For we haue closely sent for *Hamlet* hither,
That he, as 'twere by accident, may there
Affront *Ophelia*. Her Father, and my selfe (lawfull espials)
Will so bestow our selues, that seeing vnscene
We may of their encounter frankly iudge,
And gather by him, as he is behaued,
If the affliction of his loue, or no,
That thus he suffers for.

Q. I shall obey you,

And for your part *Ophelia*, I do wish
That your good Beauties be the happy cause
Of *Hamlets* wildenesse: so shall I hope your Vertues
Will bring him to his wonted way againe,
To both your Honors.

Oph. Madam, I wish it may.

Pol. *Ophelia*, walke you heere. Gracious so please ye
We will bestow our selues: Reade on this booke,
That shew of such an exercise may colour
Your loneliness. We are oft too blame in this,
'Tis too much prou'd, that with Deuotions visage,
And pious Action, we do surge o're
The diuell himselfe.

King. Oh 'tis true:

How loath a last that speech doth giue my Conscience?
The Harlots Checke beautied with plaist'ring Art
Is not more vgly to the thing that helpe it,
Then is my deede, to my most painted word.
Oh heauie burthen!

Pol. I heare him coming, let's with draw my Lord. *Exeunt.*

Enter Hamlet.

Ham. To be, or not to be, that is the Question:
Whether 'tis Nobler in the minde to suffer
The Slings and Arrows of outrageous Fortune,
Or to take Armes against a Sea of troubles,
And by opposing end them: to dye, to sleepe
No more; and by a sleepe, to say we end
The Heart-ake, and the thousand Naturall shooches

That Flesh is heyre too
Deuoutly to be wish'd,
To sleepe, perchance to
For in that sleepe of dea
When we haue shuffel
Must giue vs pause. Th
That makes Calamity
For who would beate u
The Oppressors wrong
The pangs of dispriz'd
The insolence of Office
That patient merit of th
When he himselfe mig
With a bare Bodkin?
To grunt and sweat vne
But that the dread of lo
The vndiscover'd Cou
No Traueller returns,
And makes vs rather bu
Then flye to others tha
Thus Conscience does
And thus the Native ho
Is sicklied o're, with th
And enterprizes of gre
With this regard their
And looke the name of
The faire *Ophelia*? Ni
Be all my finnes remem

Oph. Good my Lord,
How does your Honor
Ham. I humbly thanke
Oph. My Lord, I ha
That I haue longed for
I pray you now, receiue
Ham. No, no, I nee
Oph. My honor'd
And with them words
As made the things mo
Take these againe, for
Rich gifts wax poore,
There my Lord.

Ham. Ha, ha: Are
Oph. My Lord,
Ham. Are you fair?
Oph. What mean
Ham. That if you
It old admit no discou
Oph. Could Beaut
then your Honettie?
Ham. I trulie: for
transforme Honettie fr
force of Honettie can
This was sometime a
prooffe: I did loue you
Oph. Indeed my L
Ham. You should
cannot so innoculate
of it. I loued you not.
Oph. I was the mo
Ham. Get thee to
be a breeder of Sinner
but yet I could acce
ter my Mother had no
uengefull, Ambitious
then I haue thought
them shape, or time to